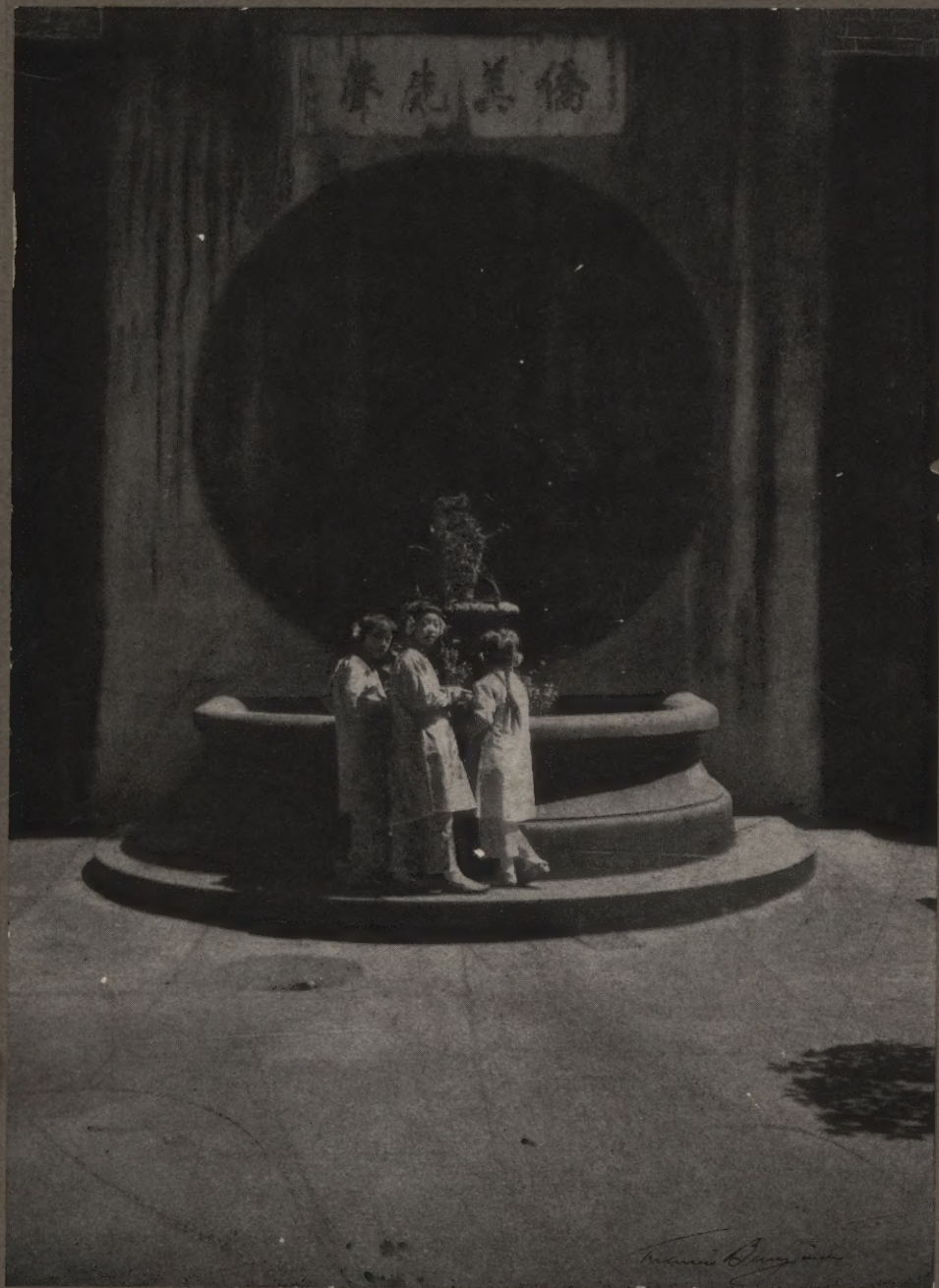


SAN FRANCISCO



FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

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SAN FRANCISCO

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BY

FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

SAN FRANCISCO
THE H. S. CROCKER COMPANY
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San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO

You cannot walk the streets of San Francisco or over the hills without feeling that any picture is inadequate to express what is seen. These photographs are suggestions of a few of the beautiful sights, and in no way pretend to represent the city entirely.

There is more life on the Bay than there has been for many years. Steamers and ships come and go continually. The war has brought back sailing ships, possibly for only a time, but they are a pleasing sight with their new white sails. The ferry boats, no doubt, will always be. They exist on the North and East Rivers in New York in spite of the under-river tubes, and so many that have crossed the ferry from Oakland have received their first impression of San Francisco from the deck of one of these boats. They are a great feature in the life of the City, and have been since its beginning.

Today the focus of the principal business life of the City lies within the blocks surrounding Market and Kearny Streets. Here we find the greatest traffic and two notable architectural features. One is Lotta's Fountain, given by the actress to the City at an early date, commemorative of her gratitude for the people's enthusiastic spirit. It expresses the departed pioneer life. The Call Building is the other notable feature architecturally. It is one of the successfully beautifully tall buildings in the country. The line of its dome and the relation of its width to its height make it a pleasing sight seen from a distance or near by. In this district there is a hurrying and increasing life. It is very different from the deliberation of step and demeanor one sees in the Chinese quarter.

It is impossible to forget, when thinking of San Francisco, that within a few blocks from the most important business district is found the Chinese Town. There is found that curious mingling of Oriental and Western ideas which we know from experience is superficial. For though this is one of the oldest of the Chinese settlements, or the first in the Western world, these foreigners persist in continuing their lives untouched by American ideas. Only the clothes have been changed. The brilliant Cantonese costumes that were once a distinctive feature of the street life of Chinatown have vanished. The fashions of Canton, like those of Paris, change. Now, when a man or woman

appears in the costume of his country, the brightly relieved embroidery is seen to have been changed to simple silken patterns in flat colors. Chinatown is a charming place to wander in by night or day. There is an attempt at Oriental architecture, an atmosphere of balconies, brilliant lettering and swinging lanterns, and there is no place in the City in which the fire escape has been made such a feature. One looks at these useful adjuncts of architecture, and feels glad about them on account of the flower pots on the landings and the beautiful shadows cast. On a warm night the air is filled with odors unmistakably Chinese and no district of an Occidental city wafts smells so curious. You can hear the plaintive sounds of Chinese tunes blown on a reed. Is there something Slavic about these melodies? Curious squeaks of the stringed instruments played by a bow, and the delicate tinkle of a kind of zither. So closely are the tones divided that our ears are not finely enough attuned to catch the divisions of tone into eighths and sixteenths. The lights of suspended lanterns, the leisurely walk of the men and women, the immobility of the figures that sit in doorways and shops, the calm of the faces in repose, the dreaminess of their eyes, which make you think that in their minds are visions of distant Oriental lands.

On top of Telegraph Hill are eucalyptus trees and a broken wall. Ascending on its slopes are flat-roofed houses that, seen from a distance, seem like those of a Mediterranean town. One looks for courts in the houses or gardens on the roofs. But San Francisco has its own characteristics, and the fluttering clothes put out to dry are one of the live features in any view you may get looking over the roof tops from the hills. There are marvelous views from Telegraph Hill. There are different kinds of views from Twin Peaks, Buena Vista Park, Lincoln Park, the ridges of Pacific Heights and Nob Hill. All are beautiful in their great panoramic sweeps; but from Telegraph Hill there is intimacy combined with vastness, a contact with different phases of life of the City. The moving ferry boats to Oakland and Sausalito, the distant smoke of the oil refineries near Richmond, and the part of the Bay into which flows the Sacramento, whose waters cause the sweeping tide lines that move so stealthily back and forth. The now busy wharves, the loading and unloading of boats. Gas tanks, lumber yards, fishing boats, manufacturing

plants. Sounds of the City's hum arising, engines moving freight cars along the water front. Poor ramshackle houses on the east side, congested tenements on the west. On top eucalyptus trees and distant glimpses of the City through their stems. Russian and Nob Hills to the west, and across the Bay Tamalpais, a dark silhouette at evening against the deepening sky. And the distant Golden Gate, that narrow opening through which come ships from all the seas. It is a steep climb from any side. As you pass through the business district with its temple-like banks along Kearny Street, which, as it approaches the hill, becomes more and more sordid. There is a breathing space on Portsmouth Square. Chinese children laugh and play on the lawn, and seated on the wall are types that drift up and down the streets resting on that mysterious journey that leads so indefinitely toward the unforeseen goal which all must enter.

From Telegraph Hill to Fort Scott, all along the ridge of high hills, the most picturesque feature on the Bay is the island of Alcatraz. It was once covered with oaks, but since California has been a state belongs to the Government. Once a fort and now a barrack, by either chance or intention, it has been built upon in a striking manner. Low white buildings follow the contour of the land, and a lighthouse rises from its highest point. Through the drifting fog or emerging from the darkness with its flashing light, it rises or fades away through the mists like a phantom boat. It is pointed toward the Golden Gate and ever-changing sea.

From Twin Peaks and Buena Vista Park, there are superb views. Looking from their heights at night you can imagine a field of stars has been thrown over the valleys and wavy hills of the City. Holliday's Hill is one of the less important points, but from it are fine views. There is a beautiful grove of eucalyptus on its top through which the never-tiring wind almost always blows, and even on the warmer windless days when you would think there was not a breath stirring, looking up through the clusters of pointed leaves you are conscious that there is air in motion. For the wind is but held in leash in the distant fog bank out on the Pacific. In a little while both will tear away and the fog enveloping the houses and hills will make what is architecturally unbeautiful beautiful by its mystery.

In the district called Cow Hollow years ago, between the then leisurely army posts of the Presidio and Fort Mason, where the land was made practical to hold the Exposition, is the Palace of Fine Arts. Of all art museums it has an architectural fitness, a glamour of romance of the past enhanced by its reflection in the beautiful lagoon. A grove of eucalyptus should surround it through which paths would lead to its lofty colonnade. Its permanency is a thing that should be carried out, for it is an added attraction to the beauty of the City. And it is a known fact that every enhancement to the natural advantages of a city pays. In Paris in the past few years, the boulevard Raspai was cut diagonally through the center of the populous district on the left bank of the Seine. No traveler will deny that Paris is a beautiful and attractive place. It has been made so by the circular system of boulevards, the judicious planting of trees and architectural restrictions. The Champs Elysees, the greatest thoroughfare in Paris, is parked and planted with trees in double rows. Something could be done of a similar nature to Van Ness Avenue. The Champs Elysees, too, is the automobile retail street; business and beauty can be combined advantageously. So much blessed by nature as we are, we should realize how beautiful a city could be erected by more judicious architectural regulations, circular boulevards and trees. At least we could have the trees.

In the Park you are shut off entirely from the City. It has been summoned magically from the sand. Stretching out over the rolling dunes with beautiful walks and drives, charming copses of oak, mysterious shady groves of eucalyptus, lovely lawns and shining lakes. Youth is ever present. There are children on the lawns, boys are playing baseball, the tennis courts are filled. On holidays a continual stream of motors rush by. Thousands walk about listening to the band, looking at the animals, walking in that aimless leisurely way toward no particular thing, but with a satisfied look so different from the harried expression of downtown pedestrians.

Beyond the windmills at the western edge of the Park is the beach. It begins at the base of the rocky cliffs overshadowed by Sutro Heights. It is fortunately approached through the Park or by walking around the north shore. From Lincoln Park and along the cliffs are great views looking to

the Golden Gate and north to the Marin Mountains and the distant Point Reyes. The Cliff House, at the end of the journey, is the third of its generation. From its terraces the beach stretches through the sunny mists to the San Bruno Mountains. Thousands of little black figures lie motionless on the sand. The white clothes of women make shining spots of light. The great arms of the windmills turn in the distance small and far away. The Park stretches in toward the City a green river at the foot of the rolling sand dunes. The continuing sound of the breakers, the long Pacific swells, the suns that dance in miniature on the waves, ships moving to the west, south and north, incoming fishing boats. The freshening, vigorous western wind, dominating by its persistency, so coolly continuous, carrying the fog whose misty mantle envelops the City at night, but is scattered in the morning by the sun.

FERRY BOATS ARE CONTINUOUSLY
CROSSING THE BAY , OFTEN FROM
THEIR DECKS THE TRAVELER RE-
CEIVES THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SAN
FRANCISCO ,



THE SKY LINE OF CITIES IS ONE OF
THEIR UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER-
ISTICS , THE HIGH HILLS ARE NOW
WELL BACK OF THE WATER FRONT , IN
THE EARLY DAYS THE WATER CAME
UP TO MONTGOMERY STREET ,



THE FERRY TOWER FROM COMMERCIAL STREET · IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CITY A VERY IMPORTANT STREET, IT IS SHORT AND NARROW, BUT LOOKING DOWN IT THE FERRY TOWER IS MOST SATISFACTORILY SEEN ·



AT MARKET AND THIRD STREETS,
THE LIGHTS CARRIED BY THE STAND-
ARDS MAKE MARKET STREET "THE
PATH OF GOLD" BY NIGHT, BUT REAL
GOLD IS TO BE FOUND IN THE RELIEFS
AROUND THE BASE OF THE STAND-
ARDS, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR PUTNAM.



KEARNY STREET FROM TELEGRAPH
HILL, THE DOME OF THE CALL BUILD-
ING AND THE HILLS OF SOUTH SAN
FRANCISCO ARE IN THE DISTANCE.



AT GRANT AVENUE AND MARKET
STREET , THE IMPORTANT RETAIL
SHOPS ARE WITHIN A RADIUS OF
TWO OR THREE BLOCKS OF THIS COR-
NER ,



THE TOWERS OF THE CHURCH OF
NUESTRA SENORA DEL GUADALOUPE
RISE ON THE SLOPE OF RUSSIAN HILL,
IN THE DISTANCE IS THE FINANCIAL
DISTRICT, WITH ITS TALL BUILDINGS,



THE CHINA TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IS
A PRETTY BUILDING · IT IS THE ONLY
COMPLETE ATTEMPT AT ORIENTAL
ARCHITECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO ·



THE CALIFORNIA STREET HILL RISES
OVER FIVE BLOCKS • CABLE CARS CLIMB
ITS SLOPE • AT ITS BASE IS AN IMPOR-
TANT SECTION OF THE FINANCIAL
DISTRICT •



PORTSMOUTH SQUARE IS THE OLDEST
PARK IN THE CITY , IN THE EARLY
DAYS, AROUND IT CENTERED THE
MOST IMPORTANT SOCIAL AND BUSI-
NESS LIFE , IT IS NOW USED BY CHI-
NESE CHILDREN AND ON ITS LOW
WALL, EITHER BY NIGHT OR DAY, ARE
SEEN INTERESTING TYPES THAT COME
UP FROM THE WATERFRONT ,



Harold G. Longman

A CHINESE WAITER · AT ALL HOURS
WAITERS CARRYING TRAYS ON THEIR
HEADS PASS THROUGH THE STREETS·
THEY ARE A PICTURESQUE FEATURE
OF CHINESE LIFE·



STEPS ARE A NECESSITY ON SEVERAL
OF THE HILLS OF THE CITY - AT THE
END OF KEARNY STREET THEY RISE
TOWARD TELEGRAPH HILL,



ALMOST EVERY BUILDING IN CHINA-
TOWN HAS BALCONIES , SUCH FEA-
TURES ARE MISSED IN THE TYPE OF
HOUSES NOW BEING BUILT HERE , A
PARISIAN APARTMENT HOUSE ALMOST
ALWAYS HAS BALCONIES ,



Wm. H. H. H.

KEARNY STREET AND ITS JUNCTION
WITH MARKET AND GEARY STREETS
IS THE NEWSPAPER CENTER OF THE
CITY, AS WELL AS THE POINT WHERE
THERE IS THE GREATEST TRAFFIC.



WAREHOUSES, SHACKS AND DOCKS
ON THE EAST SLOPE OF TELEGRAPH
HILL , IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT
THERE IS NOT A ROAD BY WHICH
THE TOP MAY BE REACHED,



THE NEW CITY HALL REPLACES IN
SHINING GRANITE THE SOMBER, BUT
PICTURESQUE OLD CITY HALL. CLAS-
SIC BUILDINGS DEVOTED TO CIVIC PUR-
POSES SURROUND THE SQUARE.



ALCATRAZ FROM TELEGRAPH HILL,
THE FIRE OF 1906 SWEEPED OVER PARTS
OF THE HILL, A FEW OF THE TREES RE-
MAIN AS WELL AS THE OLD HOUSES
ON THE EASTERN SLOPE.



A CHINATOWN ALLEY , UNINTEN-
TIONAL ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY IS
IN THE NARROW ALLEYS OF CHINA-
TOWN , DISTINCTIVE SPOTS OF LIGHT
AND SHADE ARE MADE BY THE WIN-
DOWS, FIRE ESCAPES AND OVERHANG-
ING ROOFS.



Thomas H. Morgan

HOLLIDAY'S HILL IS THE HIGHEST
POINT IN THE WESTERN ADDITION , IT
IS A GREAT SAND DUNE , SAN FRAN'
CISCO IS BUILT LARGELY ON STEEP
ROLLING DUNES ,



CHINESE BULLETIN BOARD , DURING
THE DAY INTERESTED GROUPS CAN BE
SEEN, INTENTLY SCANNING THE RED
AND YELLOW NEWS BULLETINS.



COLONNADE OF THE PALACE OF FINE
ARTS ' FOG IS COMING IN, AND THE
SETTING SUN IS ILLUMINATING THE
HIGHER CLOUD BANKS '



THE BAY AND SEA SURROUND THE
CITY, THE PACIFIC OCEAN BREAKS ON
ITS WESTERN SHORE , ONLY AT NIGHT
IS THE BEACH DESERTED , ON A WARM
DAY THERE ARE THOUSANDS LYING
ON THE SANDS , THE PARK AND THE
BEACH ARE THE MOST POPULAR PLACES
IN SAN FRANCISCO ON HOLIDAYS ,



THE JAPANESE GATE IN GOLDEN GATE
PARK , BROUGHT HERE AT THE TIME
OF THE MIDWINTER FAIR, IT FORTU-
NATELY HAS REMAINED, AND IS THE
MOST COMPLETELY BEAUTIFUL ARCHI-
TECTURAL FEATURE IN SAN FRAN-
CISCO.



NORTH OVER THE BAY FROM TELE-
GRAPH HILL THE ISLANDS, DISTANT
SHORES AND MOUNTAINS ARE LIKE
THOSE OF GREECE.



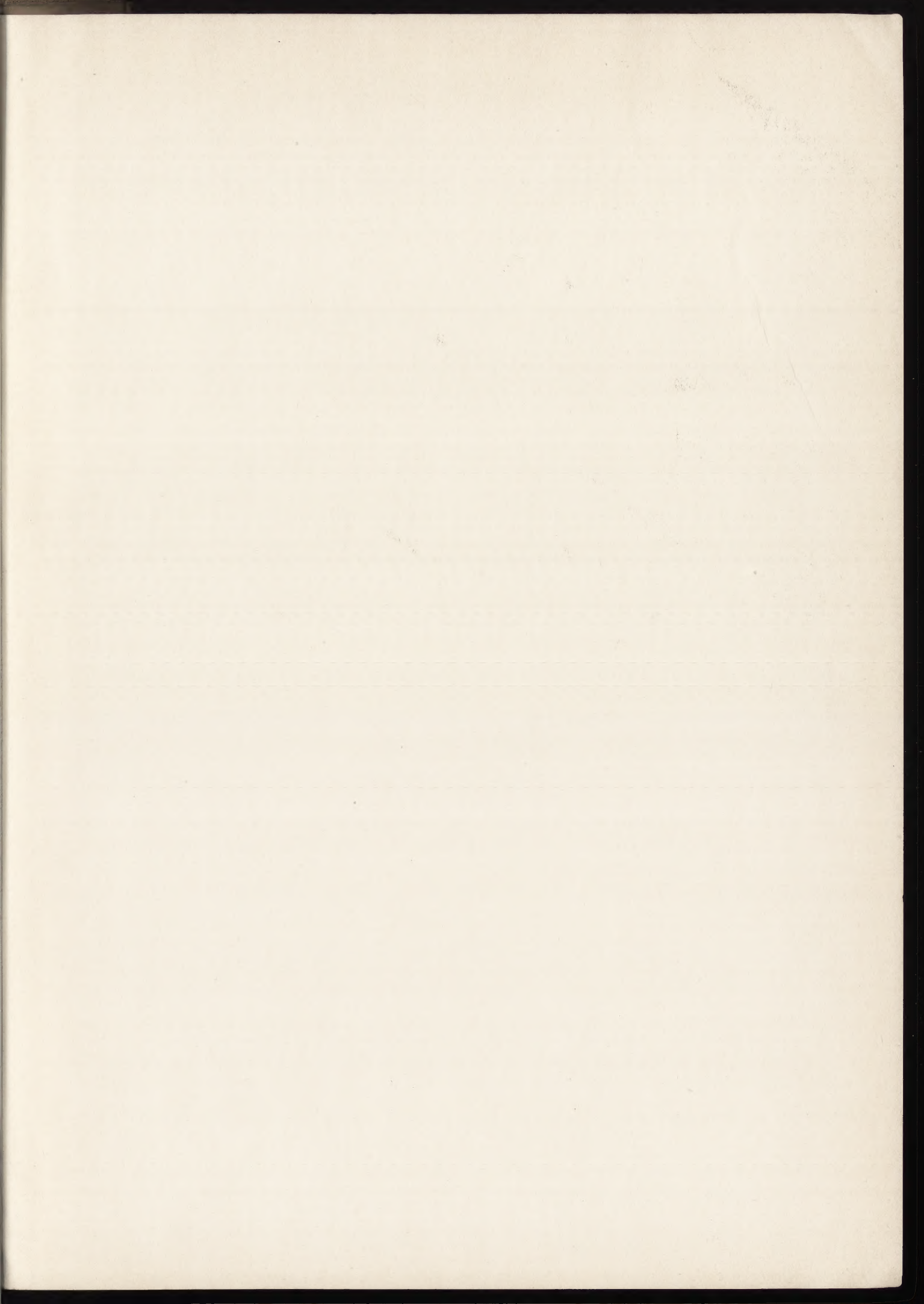
EVERYWHERE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK
ARE LOVELY PICTURES , IN THE PAN-
HANDLE ARE BEAUTIFUL OLD EUCA-
LYPTUS TREES , THIS SECTION OF THE
PARK IS LITTLE USED, AS IT IS CLOSED
TO MOTORS ,



ALMOST EVERY NIGHT THE SUN GOES
DOWN THROUGH THE MISTS AND IS
FINALLY LOST IN THE FOG BANK THAT
RESTS SO CONSTANTLY OUT ON THE
PACIFIC.







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